

Catey has traced its tint to another source :

"As 'erst in Eden's blissful bowers,
Young Eve survey'd her countless flowers,
An opening rose of purest white
She mark'd with eye that beam'd delight,
Its leaves she kissed and straight it drew
From beauty's lips the vermeil hue."

Drummond, in his verse, asserts that the Rose
sprung from the blood of Adonis,—

"Flower which of Adonis' blood
Sprang, when of that clear flood
Which Venus wept, another white was born,
The sweet Cynarian youth thou lively shows
But this sharp pointed thorn,
So proud about that crimson fold that grows,
What doth it represent?
Boar's teeth perhaps, his milk white flank that rent,
O show in one of unesteemed worth,
That both the killed and the killer setteth forth."

In Fawkes' translation it runs thus—

"As many drops of blood as from the wound,
Of fair Adonis trickled on the ground,
So many tears she (Venus) shed in copious showers,
Both tears and drops of blood were turn'd to flowers.
From these in crimson beauty sprang the Rose
Cerulean—bright anemonies from those."

Ovid says that anemonies, and not roses, sprung
from the blood of Adonis.

Blooming in the sterile waste, this lovely flower
is seen unfolding its fair leaves where there is no

beauty to reflect its own, and thus calling back
the heart of the weary to thoughts of peace and
joy, reminding him that the wilderness of human
life, though rugged and barren to the discontented
beholder, has also its sweet flowers, not the less
welcome for being unlooked for, nor the less lively
for being cherished by a hand unseen.

"How much of memory dwells amidst thy bloom,
Rose! ever wearing beauty for thy dower!
The bridal-day—the festival—the tomb,
Thou hast thy part in each, thou stateliest flower.

"Therefore, with thy soft breath come floating by
A thousand images of love and grief;—
Dreams filled with tokens of mortality;
Deep thoughts of all things beautiful and brief.

"Not such thy spells o'er those who hail'd thee first
In the clear light of Eden's golden day,
There thy rich leaves to crimson glory burst,
Link'd with each dim remembrance of decay.

"Rose, for the banquet gathered and the bier;
Rose! coloured now by human hope and pain,
Surely where death is not, nor change nor fear,
Yet we may meet thee, joy's own flower, again."

HEMANS.

There is one circumstance connected with the
rose which renders it a more true and striking em-
blem of earthly pleasure than any other flower—
it bears a thorn.

While its odorous breath is floating on the